

ROarin' RICK'S

# RARE BIT FIENDS

#2



\$2.95 U.S.  
13.95 Can.



NEIL GAIMAN

WILL HE SAVE THE WORLD  
OR DESTROY IT?

DETAILS  
INSIDE!

# CELEBRITY RARE BIT FIENDS

## AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.

As I think I mentioned in the first issue, I'm constantly twisting the arms of all my friends and fellow creators to get them to try doing their own dream strips. DAVE SIM was the first to come through with the sparkling "ZELDA CAFE" and a number of others are in the talking stage as I write these words. One of my prime targets all along has been NEIL GAIMAN, who is a decent artist in his own right, as well as being...well, you know...the author of the OTHER dream comic we all love so much. Neil had actually contributed a one pager to the original 24 HOUR COMIC that started all this RARE BIT FIENDS stuff, and I've reproduced it in the letters page from a three year old fax, which I found in the back of a drawer (the original artwork was lost by Neil). Neil was game to attempt some new material, and of course I was egging him on as much as I could without coming across like a DC editor, but the poor guy's schedule sounded so brutal I knew it was going to be a cold day in KING HELL before he ever had the time to actually sit down and draw again. So, during one of our marathon telephone shmoosze fests, I suggested that it might be fun if I illustrated one of his dreams, and he liked the idea (strangely enough, even though Neil and I go back to my SWAMP THING days, we have never actually collaborated on anything beyond raw ideas!).

Sure enough, a few weeks later I received a fax with seven or eight of Neil's dreams written out, I roughed them into page layouts and faxed them back and we went over them, panel by panel, on the phone, Neil describing in detail what he remembered from the dreams, and me asking him for visual and emotional associations to flesh things out. The results surprised us both, I think, and will provide readers with a spooky, funny, and pretty darn accurate snapshot of what's going on in the subterranean sinkholes of the mind that has given us some of the best writing comics have ever seen. The good news is that there is enough material to carry over into next issue as well.

As the future CELEBRITY RARE BIT FIENDS, this certainly opens up some interesting new avenues to explore. I know a number of writers who don't draw, and I'll be trying to tempt them to share their nocturnal emissions in the same manner. (Hey, guys! These things write THEMSELVES!) Also, I'm going to start a little research to see if I can turn up actual dream accounts from historical personalities that might make interesting strips. Any sharp eyed readers who run into such material, please, send it on in!



1 ACTIVATE THE  
BACK UP SYSTEMS  
IN A SURGE OF  
POWER.

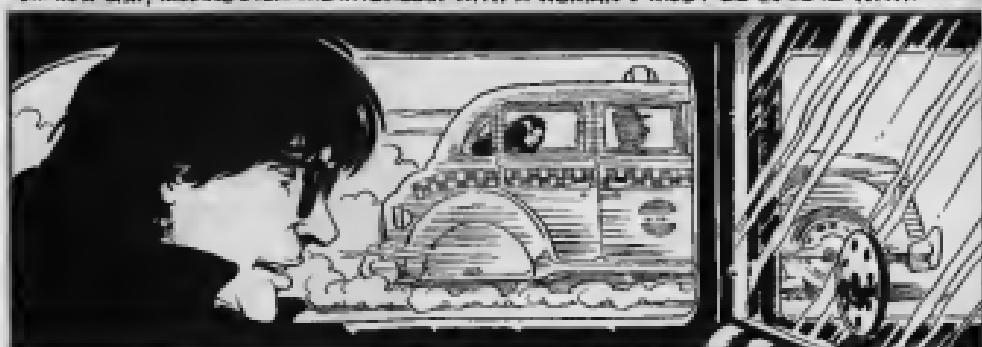


NEW FLESH BEGINS TO APPEAR,  
GIRDERS AND ARCHES PUSHING  
AND FLAILING THEIR WAY UP  
FROM THE GROUND.



A VOICE INFORMS  
ME THE NEW SHIP  
IS FEMALE.

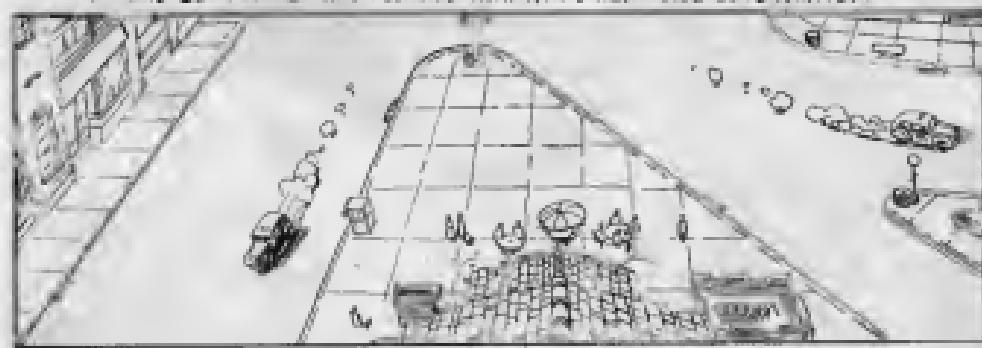
IM IN A TAXI, TALKING OVER THE INTERCOM WITH A WOMAN I MUST BE IN LOVE WITH.



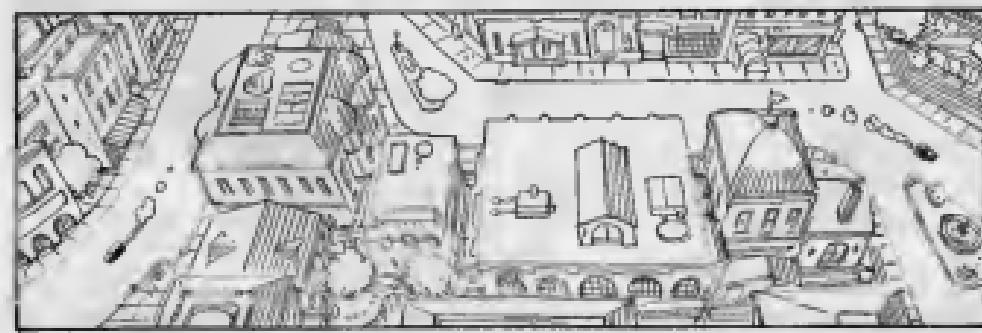
SHE IS ALSO IN A TAXI, SOMEWHERE.



THE TAXIS GET FURTHER AND FURTHER APART, AND HER VOICE GETS FAINTER.



EVENTUALLY IT CRACKLES AWAY INTO NOTHING.



WAITING FOR A BUS, A  
CREATURE PUSHES PAST ME.

I SUPPOSE ANY  
DISGUST, TRY TO  
FEEL ONLY PITY.

I GO UPSTAIRS  
ON THE BUS  
WHERE THE THING  
IS RECLINING.

IT LOOKS AT ME  
THROUGH A HOLE  
TORN IN ITS  
SHEET.

HOW IT HAS AN OLD  
HAG'S FACE THAT  
TELLS ME I OWE IT  
AN ADVERTISEMENT.

BRIEFLY I REMEMBER  
BEING IN ITS DANK  
BASEMENT DOING  
SOME KIND OF DEAL.

I ADMIT I OWE IT THE ADVERT,  
BUT CLAIM THE PUBLICATION IT IS  
REFERRED TO NEVER CAME OUT.

AT THAT, IT LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND  
LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS.



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#3

ROarin' RICK'S

# RARE BIT FIENDS



NEIL'S  
BACK!  
AND THIS TIME IT'S  
PERSONAL

WE HAD BEEN FILMING  
ROCK VIDEOS IN THE  
BASEMENT OF A HUGE  
HOUSE.

CELEBRITY

# RARE BIT FIENDS

DREAM: NEIL GAIMAN  
ART: RICK VEITCH

THEY GAVE ME A  
CROSSBOW BECAUSE  
IT WAS DANGEROUS  
OUTSIDE.

THERE WERE  
WILD PEOPLE  
OUT THERE.

THE CROWD  
CARRIED THE  
ROCK STAR  
AROUND THE  
BASEMENT  
ON THEIR  
SHOULDERS...

... THEN THREW  
HIM INTO THE  
LAWN!

I SUGGESTED THIS  
TO HIM AS A POSSIBLE  
VIDEO

HE SHOWED ME A ROOM THAT ROSE  
ELEVATOR-LIKE, INTO THE SKY...

my dream - by Neil

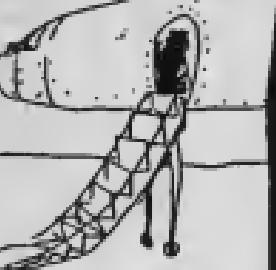
There was an airport that went on for ever. Air planes landed on the left. The only building was the airport control tower.



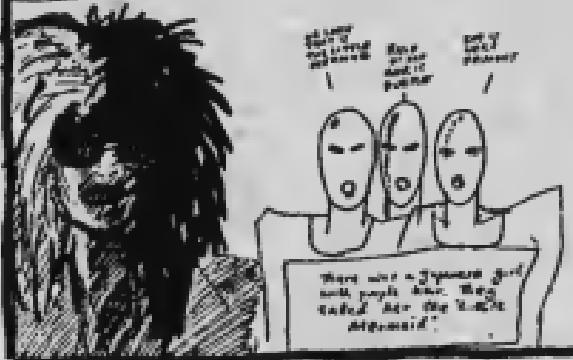
I helped her, when the girls chased her and told her about her.



She got onto a plane, all on her own.



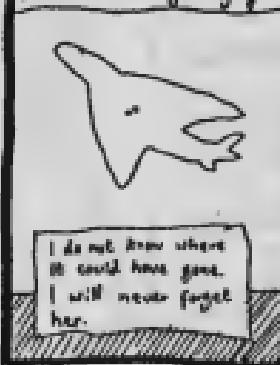
I no longer remember what I was doing there originally. Perhaps I was waiting for a plane...



One day, I saw her on an overhead moving sidewalk. I called out, but she didn't take from me.



The plane stood up. The plane began song. Flying.



I do not know where it could have gone. I will never forget her.

I followed her into a distant part of the airport.



On my desk, the television man talk about Alaska. We have always lived in the airport.

